

## Frog

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/47972851) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/47972851>.

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| Language:        | English                                                                                                                                                   |
| Series:          | Part 32 of <a href="#">Sourweather Threads</a>                                                                                                            |
| Stats:           | Published: 2023-06-18 Words: 687 Chapters: 1/1                                                                                                            |

# Frog

by [sourweather](#)

## Summary

One word prompt: frog.

Will gets all sappy and nostalgic watching his adopted son Adam play in the rain. Also he might be developing a crush on a certain doctor.

## Notes

I kind of can't believe how pleased I am with this fic for having written it in 30 minutes! this is kind of a pseudo-preview for a longfic I wanna do with the same premise, where will adopts little Adam near the beginning so s1 and lots of fluff ensues.

thanks to my follower Mummy Frog for the warmup word!!!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

There's nothing like a rainy afternoon.

Growing up in the South, Will always looked forward to when Summer finally came around. But not for the sun. No, he got plenty of sun working on the docks with his old man. The thing he loved about Southern Summers was the storms. Big, heavy storms that would come and go in bursts, cooling the asphalt and making the whole town smell like wet earth. Tornado season was where he thrived. He'd go out and play in the rain, then come stomping inside caked in mud, shuck off his clothes, and take a hot bath to warm his bones. Good, clean fun— and it was free, too.

Maybe that's why he feels so nostalgic, sitting on the front porch and watching Adam's little rubber boots leap from puddle to puddle.

Jericho's hiding under the bed, most likely. Poor guy's scared to death of rain, because he knows it comes with thunder. The rest of the dogs are mostly piled up on the porch with Will, sitting where it's dry and observing. They're all protective over Adam, see him as their collective pup that needs to be looked after. It makes Will swell with pride.

Zoe's out in the rain, though. Running in circles around Adam and getting covered in mud. Ah, well. At least she's getting tired out.

“Will!”

Will looks up from the book in his lap, sees Adam running up to the porch with his hands cupped tight together. He closes the book, leaning forward in his chair as the boy approaches. “What's up, buddy?”

Adam is grinning, his face still mostly dry beneath the hood of his baby blue raincoat. He thrusts out his tiny hands proudly, bouncing a little on his toes.

“Look what I found,” he says, and parts his hands just enough to let Will peer inside.

It's a frog. Barely contained in the boy's palms. It tries to spring free as soon as Adam gives it an opening, and Adam shuts it away again.

Will smiles back at him, chuckling warmly. “Well, would you look at that. It's not easy to catch a frog, especially when they're wet and slippery like that. You must be pretty quick.”

Adam nods, bringing his hands close to his own face again to peak at his capture. “I had to chase it a little,” he explains, and he looks back at Will. “Can you take a picture?”

“I think he's probably gonna jump away as soon as you open your hands, bud.”

Adam pouts. “But I wanted you to show it to Hannibal!”

“Yeah?” Will tips his head to the side curiously, elbows braced on his knees. “You really like Doctor Lecter, don't you?”

Another nod, and his hood slips back, exposing fluffy dark hair. “Mhm! He always asks me if I’ve learned anything new that I can share with him, and--” he lowers his voice to a whisper, as if the Doctor might hear. “And he always pretends that he’s never heard it before when I tell him, but I think he has, sometimes.”

A fond warmth floods his chest. Mostly directed at Adam. Not entirely. “Tell you what, you let Mr. Frog go in the grass over there, and I’ll tell Hannibal all about him for you, okay?”

Adam thinks it over for a moment, and his face turns adorably serious. “Yes. That’s okay.”

He’s about to head back out into the rain, but Will stops him so that he can fix Adam’s hood first. Then he’s off to release the frog, sternly telling Zoe not to chase him once he’s free. Lord, he’s spending too much time with Doctor Lecter. He’s already mirroring him.

Will pulls his phone from his pocket with a sigh, smiling lazily at his screen as he opens his messenger app.

[ Adam caught a frog. It’s very important. You simply had to be informed. ]

It only takes a minute for his phone to buzz, and the warmth blooms again.

[ My congratulations to Adam on his very successful hunt. I’ll be expecting further updates on any future discoveries. ]

...Shit. He’s cute.

## End Notes

thanks as always to arrnutsss and all of my raindrops for the support!<3

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